

Not letting a feeling bud out spontaneously

Like a gonad perchance extruding  
from my armpit. Suppose I chanced

To take my shirt off — not wanting  
to mortify even the most tender

Sensibilities. If I can keep my mouth  
shut — perhaps you could close

your blouse for a moment, for a change

Laughing my ass off — would that con-

Vince anybody? I mean convince them  
that I am just as human as they?

They, they, they — what have I got to do  
with "they"? They who think my rage

Of carbuncles is only a metaphor — Job  
and all of that. My skin is unblemished

My carbuncles are carbuncles of the mind  
— thoughts of a woman I cannot have

How I would like to burn their asses —  
accepting their wanton challenge

To step down from this cross avowing  
the nails are nought — but I cannot

Their derision hot piss, salt brine  
in my ragged wounds